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Japan's First Convert.

Just now, when all eyes are turned toward Japan, it is interesting to look back to the early days when the adoption of the Christian faith was attended by the greatest personal danger. Enshrined in the memories of the Christians of Japan is the name of Murata Wakasanokami, the first convert to Christianity in the empire of the Mikado. Murata was born in 1815. Destined to be 'a foundation stone' for the edifice of Protestantism in Japan, he came into the world under the shadow of the awful persecuion of the Christians in the seventeenth century. Nearly two hundred years had elapsed since the edicts prohibiting the 'evil sect' were first promulgated and published prominently all over the empire, and since the new order that as long as the sun should shine no foreigners should enter Japan or natives leave it, and these dangerous prohibitions were still in force when Murata was born.

MURATA WAKASANOKAMI, THE FIRST PROTESTANT BELEIVER IN JAPAN.

He was a son of Nabeshima Magorokuro, a relative of the Daimyo, or Prince, of Saga Hizen, Kiushiu. When he was a boy he became the heir of the Murata family; and when a man was appointed a minister of the Daimyo and a soldier. When English and French men-of-war anchored at Nagasaki in 1855, the Shogun commanded the two Daimyos of Saga and Fukuoko to guard the port. Wakasa was the commander of the Saga men. One day, when he was patrolling the port, he found a strange book in the water, and told his men to pick it up.

Neither he nor they whom he met and questioned knew what book it was or what its contents were. So after he returned home, his growing curiosity prompted him to seek an explanation; and to accomplish his burning desire to know what the book was, he sent one of his men, Eguchi Baitei, to Nagasaki, ostensibly to study medicine, but, in fact, the new book. Baitei entered more or less into the spirit of his master's curiosity. He soon learned from the Dutch that the book was the Holy Bible. He caught its general idea and reported all he had heard and learned to his master. Afterward Wakasa heard that a Chinese version was published in Shanghai. He secretly sent a man there and bought a copy. Henceforth he, together with his younger brother and some friends, earnestly studied the Scriptures day and night. When his brother went to Nagasaki in 1862 to get aid in understanding the Bible, he unexpectedly met the Rev. Dr. Verbeck, a missionary of the Reformed Church in America, and he asked him many questions. Dr. Verbeck kindly taught Wakasa and others through this channel. This Bible Class lasted almost three years. These eager pupils came to understand Christianity more fully.

They grew in faith and determined to be baptized. Wakasa had to state their determination to the Daimyo, for it was a violation of the edict against the 'evil sect'; but Ayabe, his younger brother, proposed that it might be better to do so after baptism. At last, Wakasa, Ayabe and Motono declared their determination to Dr. Verbeck, professed their faith in Jesus Christ, were baptized, and partook of the Lord's Supper. This took place on May 20, 1866. Wakasa was then fifty-one years old.

When these fervent Christians on their return reported to the Daimyo what they had done, he, seeing the firmness of their faith, left them unquestioned. The Imperial Government, on hearing of Wakasa's conversion, commanded the Prince to punish him, and he burned some of Wakasa's books.

Wakasa-no-Kami's last years were spent calmly, he having retired to a villa in Kubota, in rural quietude. It is said that in those days he was engaged in translating the Bible from Chinese into Japanese. He was sixty years old when he died. Two years before his death the first Protestant church was organized in Yokohama. His memory is deeply cherished by Christians still living who in earlier days felt the power of his earnest personality.

Our Divine Accompanist.

(The Rev. F. B. Meyer, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

When I was beginning a five weeks' tour in Scandinavia, a considerable burden lay on my soul. It seemed so unlikely that any real impression could be produced by addresses delivered through interpretation! Besides which, I did not know how far my way of setting forth the truth would be consistent with the methods of thought characteristic of the religious people whom I might address.

Under the oppression of these thoughts I was taking my first meal in my friend's house in Copenhagen, when another gentleman, an Englishman, who had just returned from a town in Norway, happened to narrate the following incident. It had occurred in a hotel where he was staying,

in one of the most beautiful parts of Norway, much frequented by tourists.

A little girl was staying in this hotel with her parents, and was at that trying age when small fingers are beginning to find their way about the piano, striking as many wrong notes as right ones; and young nerves do not seem particularly sensitive to the anguish which such attempts are capable of inflicting on others. She knew one or two tunes sufficiently well to be able to make them out with one finger; and with these she made the guests familiar to their despair.

But one day a brilliant musician came to the hotel, took in the situation, and sat down beside the small musician, accompanying her with the most exquisite improvization. Each note of hers only gave him a new 'motif' for chords of surpassing beauty, whilst the drawing-room, now crowded with people, breathlessly listened.

When the performance was over, the illustrious accompanist took the little maiden by the hand, and led her blushing all round the company, saying, 'Let me introduce to you, ladies and gentlemen, the young lady to whom you are indebted for the music to which you have been listening.'

It was true. They were indebted to her for the music, because her efforts had led to his magnificent accompaniment; but his part in the joint performance had led to a deep impression, and it was 'he' whom they were destined to remember.

It is difficult to describe how greatly that simple story helped me through the following weeks, and will help me so long as I live. At the best, one has only a very slight knowledge of the eternal harmonies, and can only strike out single broken notes of them, sometimes with long pauses between. The great new song, which is always breaking forth in the eternal spaces, is imperfectly apprehended; and even what is apprehended is imperfectly conveyed, through the inadequacy of human language. Sometimes it would seem that the celestial chords ring through our heart and brain, but how to express them we find not. But at such times God comes to help us. It is as if he supplies by the suggestions of his Spirit to our hearers' souls the deep things which ear hath not heard, because speech hath not spoken them.

Especially when repeating by translation I have been conscious of this. I have realized that my words were being deprived of a great deal that might seem attractive and even necessary; the personal element, at least, has been reduced to a minimum; but there has been so manifest an effect produced on my hearers that I have known that the hands of the Redeemer have been also laid on the souls before me, awakening responses in the bass of emotion and in the treble of volition, and which will never cease to vibrate to all eternity.

Going Down Hill.

I happened to overhear two men talking about a third man the other day, and one of the men said emphatically:

'Poor George! He seems to be going down hill all the time.'

'Yes,' was the reply, 'he does. It is a pity that someone cannot turn him around and start him up the hill of life again.'

The conversation set me to thinking of something that noble American woman, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, once wrote. It was this:

'Some years ago I resolved to cultivate habitual cheerfulness under all circumstances. It has not been an easy task, but I have succeeded; and now, drifting on to my eightieth birthday, burdened with heavy cares, stripped of those nearest and dearest to me by death, I am not sorrowful. I am not going "down hill," as people say of the old, but "up hill" all the way, and I am sure that life is better farther on.'

If the 'George' about whom the two men I have referred to were talking had had this spirit he would never have gone down hill. The fixed habit of cheerfulness is a great help in climbing the hill of life. You will find that the people who are 'going down hill' are almost invariably morbid, and that they are steadily looking down instead of up.

One always goes down hill a good deal faster than one goes up, and when you see a man that is going down hill you may be sure that he will reach the bottom very soon if he does not turn right about face and start up hill again. It is never 'better further on' to those who are going down hill. It is never well with them at all. The lowlands of life are unhealthful for both body and soul. It is better to keep looking and climbing upward.—J. L. Harbour, in 'Young People.'

The Missionary Branch.

I had occasion to call upon a young business man in his office not long since, and found him, as usual, 'up to his ears' in work.

'Sit down a moment,' he said, 'and I will be at liberty.'

'You are always working,' I said; 'how many hours do you put in each day?'

'Twenty-four,' he replied, with a broad smile.

I presume my face expressed my astonishment.

'Yes,' he said, 'I work ten or twelve hours; the rest of the time I am working in the antipodes—by proxy, of course.'

'I don't understand,' I said.

'Let me explain,' he returned, more seriously. 'When I was at school I became deeply interested in the mission cause. I determined to go out to China and work in the field. But my father died before my plans were fully matured. His business here was in such a state that no outsider—no man without a personal interest—could successfully carry it on. And there were a mother, sisters, and younger brothers dependent upon the profits of the house. I was obliged to remain here. But I determined, nevertheless, to have a representative in the field, and I took up the support of a native preacher in China.'

Here my friend took down a much-thumbed map of Southern China, and he pointed out a certain town. 'That is where my man is at work,' he said. 'He has formed a church and gathered a school. We have representatives of our business in several of the principal cities of the world. I call this our missionary branch. My man there is working while I sleep. He is my substitute. In that way I work twenty-four hours a day—for the Master. I work here for the money to keep my representative working over there.'—'Forward.'

Trusting in God.

Not long ago a business man found himself in narrow financial straits. He became moody and reticent. He appears to have been a Christian, but without strong faith. His financial burden almost completely crushed him. He sat down at the table with his family, and ate his bread in silence. When he did speak it was with petulance and feverish excitement. One day he took up an old book and opened it. The book chanced to be an old geography which he had studied when a boy. On the page to which he opened there was a picture of Atlas bearing the world on his shoulders. Looking at the picture, he was reminded of the freedom and happiness of his childhood. To himself he exclaimed: 'There is poor old Atlas. Ever since I was a child he has crouched under that burden, and for centuries before. How his back must ache! I can sympathize with him now. I wonder what he has been standing on all these centuries.' Then closing the book he took out his pencil and thoughtfully wrote on a slip of paper these words: 'I will not be an Atlas. Since I must trust God for ground to stand on, I will trust him also for the load.'

With that resolution a new inspiration came into his soul. He went out to struggle with his financial embarrassment with new hope. His business associates observed a change in his spirits. His countenance was brighter, his voice was more ringing, his step lighter. They thought some change must have taken place in his financial condition. But the change was within. He had rolled a heavy load from his soul. He had found a Burden-bearer who was able to carry his load. He went on in this new way and prospered. Afterward he said he would have gone to the wall but for the new hope and strength which came into his life when he made his decision to trust God for the burden as well as for the ground to stand on.

Trusting God may bring financial success. It will not always do so. If it did it might tend to make men mercenary. But it may do so, because it makes the heart lighter. It inspires new hope and strength in the soul. When the burden of care is lightened one is in better frame for financial enterprises. His mind is clearer, his nerves are more quiet, his spirit is more calm. But whether trust in God bring financial success or not, it will certainly bring what is far better. It will bring peace. 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee.' It will give strength. Even physical strength and intellectual strength may result from patient trust in God. Certainly spiritual strength will be the result. 'They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength.'—The 'Morning Star.'

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Little 'All Black.'

He was our first pony, and brother Maddy and I valued him accordingly.

We were the sons of a hard-working Pennsylvania farmer, and our greatest pleasure and recreation was a daily scamper along the valley road, on the glossy back of pretty All Black. He was, indeed, rightly named. His thin satin coat was of midnight blackness. He was gentle, too, and possessed a wonderful amount of endurance and go. He had been given us by our wealthy Philadelphia uncle, Clement Madoc Holt, because my twin brother and I were both his namesakes. We were twelve then, and thoroughly dissatisfied with our busy, prosaic home life.

'Clem,' said Maddy, the first September day of 1860, 'we have worked harder this summer than any boys of our age in the whole country. I'm sick of it all, and so are you. Suppose we end it by going right away!'

'You mean by running off?'

'Yes, Clem, I mean that. We will go to Uncle Holt in Philadelphia.'

'But it's miles and miles from here, and we haven't much money,' I added reluctantly.

Yet Maddy only laughed.

'I know it, Clem. All Black can carry us both, and it won't cost a penny. We want an education, and we want to get rich, like Uncle Holt. We never will here on father's farm.'

'But, Maddy,' I put in, uneasily, 'can we—should we leave mother?'

Our eyes fell to the four bare feet on the ground before us. Dear, patient, uncomplaining mother! For a moment we had both forgotten her.

'Steve is ten now, and 'most as tall as we are,' replied Maddy at last. 'He'll be good to mother, never fear!'

'But we are her eldest sons,' I suggested again, with only half emphasis.

'She'll be glad enough that we went, if we come home rich some day, and grown-up men at that.'

'But she may die before that,' I faltered. 'Don't say or think of it, Clem. We have our own way to make, an' we've got to make it! No help from father or mother either, for that matter. We've got to go, and now for the 'rangements. We have two good suits apiece, and they can go into one bundle. In fact, Clem, they are tied up already, down in the bushes by the lane gate.'

'Why, Madoc Holt,' I cried in astonishment.

'You see, I've thought about it a long time,' he went on. 'You can ride All Black to-night as usual, an' wait for me out in the road.'

'But won't we tell mother good-bye?'

'It can't be, Clem. She'd read us right through in a minute.'

'All right,' I said, slowly, for a great lump rose in my throat at the thought.

After chores, I stole back to the kitchen.

'Mother,' I asked with assumed carelessness, 'may Maddy and I ride All Black?'

'Of course, child. Don't you do it every night of your lives?'

I kissed her for the answer, and turned to walk away.

'Clem,' she called, 'are you sick?'

'No, mother.'

'Be careful of the pony. Father thinks he isn't well. Don't go far, and be back before dark.'

And I went on without a word. Brother Steve was whistling in the wood-shed, and father was down in the poultry yard. Maddy, I knew, was waiting for me out in the road.

I saddled All Black, and was off in a moment. I had left home!

'Clem,' cried Maddy from the hedge. 'I guess it's all right all around. I've got the clothes and we'll put on our second best suits right here.'

It was hurriedly done. Indeed, I never remember dressing in less time. And soon we were up and away.

'We've 160 pounds for All Black's back,' I said, with a forced laugh. 'Father thinks he's sick, but that's nonsense.'

'We'll reach Philadelphia in a week,' said Maddy. 'We're no weight at all for a Canadian pony.'

'What will we do when we get there?' I ventured.

'Work,' said Maddy again.

'But won't we go to Uncle Holt's?'

'Not at first. He would send us back on sight. And we've got to sell All Black. Errand boys don't ride on horseback; and I, for one, am going into a grocery. See if I don't have a store of my own in ten years' time.'

'You'll let me tend it for you, Maddy?'

'Of course. But you ain't ambitious enough, Clem. You must earn a store, too.'

'Uncle Holt may help us.'

'Perhaps—perhaps not. Better not depend on him for anything.'

All Black was going at a good gait. I looked back, and our farmhouse was already out of sight.

'Maddy,' I ventured to say again, 'where are we going to spend the night?'

'Oh, I don't know. In the woods somewhere, I guess.'

I shivered at his answer. If there was ever a coward born, it was myself, Clement Holt. And we were going to sleep in the woods. Why, the thought of it was terror to me.

We hastened on then, for a time in utter silence. I knew Maddy was thinking very hard, and I did not attempt to interrupt him.

Darkness came at last, but we still kept on.

'We're going straight to Philadelphia,' said brother, proudly. 'The lights 'cross there are M——, and we've come four miles already. When we're tired riding, we'll stop in the first woods we come to, and—'

'Why not a farmhouse, Maddy?'

'Oh, folks would see us and know us. It will be bad enough, if we have to ask, now and then, for something to eat.'

'I'm hungry now.'

'But we both had supper; and only babies whine.'

'I'm tired, too, Maddy.'

'You ain't as strong as me, I know. But All Black must be the tiredest. I fed him well, and I'm glad of it. He walks as though he was lame.'

'Mebbe he's sick, as father said.'

'Stuff, Clem! You're a croaker from Croakersville. Here's a nice bit of woods, and the grass and leaves will make a fine bed.'

'Ain't you 'fraid, Maddy?'

'What of?'

'Oh, ghosts and lots of things.'

'You'd better turn 'round and go home.'

'No,' I decided then and there, 'I'm going to Philadelphia with you.'

So Maddy hitched All Black to a maple tree, and we lay down for the night. Our extra suits from the bundle we used for covering. But the air was chilly, and the grass was damp. The pony was restless, too, and kept pawing the ground about him. So Maddy and I did not sleep, and before daylight we arose, feeling both stiff and tired.

'Let's go on,' said brother, without even a whistle. 'We may reach a farmhouse where they'll give us breakfast. I've got a dollar, and we won't beg till we have to. Come, Clem.'

And we remounted All Black, who gave a dissatisfied snort. The road forked just ahead, as we could see, even in the darkness.

'Which way, now, Maddy?'

'We'll turn to the right,' he answered, unhesitatingly. 'I've heard father say that Philadelphia is exactly north-east of us.'

And turn to the right we did. All Black went faster then, and it both surprised and pleased us.

'He must be feeling better,' said Maddy. 'There's nothing like an early start. By daylight we may be five miles further on.'

'And five miles further from home,' I added with a sigh.

'To be sure, Clem. No prodigal sons for me. I wouldn't go back for a farm!'

And our next mile was gone over in silence. All Black limped a good deal, but he was still making time.

When daylight came at last, we began to look around us.

'The road doesn't look a bit strange,' I said to Clem!'

'I wonder where we are, Maddy?'

'I hardly know.'

'Why, there's a house just like neighbor John Fenton's,' I cried. 'It is Fenton's, Maddy, and there runs his dog Scramble!'

'Yes, that's Scramble,' echoed brother, in thorough disgust. 'We just turned around in the dark, and came home by the other road. It's plain as the alphabet, Clem.'

'And here comes father,' I cried again, after a second look at an approaching horseman.

'It's all up with us, Clem! All Black has brought us home. No use trying to get away again now!'

We stopped short, then, till father came up to us.

'Good morning, boys!'

But we only hung our heads.

'Breakfast is ready,' he went on, with a curious smile. 'Mother sent me in search of you. All Black must be hungry, too. Glad you changed your minds about going to Philadelphia.'

'Were you coming after us, father?' I interrupted, gratefully.

'Certainly.'

I looked at Maddy, and his face was a study. Pride and anger, joy and gratitude were struggling for the mastery.

'It is good to be 'most home again,' he admitted, honestly. 'I guess our getting

to Philadelphia was one of those not-to-be's.'

'It is one of God's providences,' said father slowly and reverently. 'He knows what is best for us all.'

'And you, too, know what is best for Clem and me,' continued Maddy, gravely. 'The work is hard sometimes, but—'

'Yes, it is hard, and I'm afraid you will have to keep it up. Your uncle Madoc is here, and thought of helping me to send you away to school, but he doesn't think now that it would be best.'

So Maddy and I took up our old routine of work, admitting to each other that our punishment was just. A year later father called us and said: 'A letter and cheque have come from Uncle Madoc. You are both to have an education, and a start in life. You will begin by going away to school, and—'

'Don't,' Maddy and I cried together. 'We aren't a bit deserving. We've been wicked and ungrateful!'

But father reached out his great sunburnt hands, and after a lingering clasp, he placed them on both our heads. I still hear his rough but kindly voice in benediction: 'God bless and keep you always, my lads.'

And then we both went to mother, kissing her face and her rough, brown hands. And she clasped us both in return, saying softly and tenderly: 'These, my sons, were lost, and are found!'—Mrs. Findlay Baden, in the 'Morning Star.'

Sissy

(Elsie L. Gilmore, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

The new boy walked away from the clumsy school house, District No. 10, with his head held high but with a quivering of the firm little chin, and a downward droop of the sensitive mouth that he would not for worlds have the other boys see. There was the faintest suspicion of tears in the grey eyes and a little tightening of the throat, which he controlled only by his strong will, and the will of a twelve-year-old boy is not to be treated lightly.

It had come at last. The boys had called him 'Sissy.' Phil Gray had started it, and being a born leader the other boys had followed suit. Not that Phil meant to be unkind. Oh, dear, no. He was simply thoughtless and given to teasing, a fault common to most boys the world over. And so one day, passing the new boy's home, he saw him shaking the table cloth, and another time sweeping the steps. That was enough for Phil. He told the others of the class and immediately dubbed this new scholar 'Sissy.' Now, when a boy's real name is John Howard Wagner (called by his mother Jack), you can easily see how he would resent the nickname of 'Sissy.' Any right-minded boy would do so. From the first Jack had been something of a mystery. His home was about a mile from the school, a little brown house nestling at the end of a pretty lane leading from the main road. He had moved into the neighborhood in time for the opening of the fall term. At first he was quite popular, joining in all the sports at recess and during the noon hour, but as soon as the afternoon session closed he would start immediately for home. Again and again he was invited to a game of 'roll and tumble' on the soft autumn grass, or to join an expedition to the marsh, where grew the largest and fattest cat tails. But he always would give the same cheery answer, 'Not to-night, boys.' But when Phil Gray invited him once to stop long enough to plunk at his big glass marble and Jack refused, that was the last straw.

It was considered an honor by the boys to be allowed to try and win Phil's glassy. It was big and of a pale green tint, while glistening in the centre was a silvery looking bird. Jack's refusal was an insult to Phil and to Phil's glassy. 'Stuck up,' said Phil, and as being 'stuck up' was the biggest crime known in District No. 10, and as Phil's word was law, you can see how Jack became unpopular.

It was shortly after the episode of the marble that Phil had witnessed Jack at his household duties and had dubbed him 'Sissy.' The boy's heart was almost broken, and though a little explanation might have adjusted matters, there was just enough stubborness in his make-up to keep him silent. And so the time passed drearily for the new boy until the latter part of October. Then for several days he was absent and Miss Mason, District No. 10's teacher, went to his house to find out the cause.

The next morning after her visit to Jack's home she called school as usual, and after opening exercises, said, 'We will not have the classes right away, as I want to tell you a little story.'

Every head was lifted in expectation, and numerous bright eyes were fastened on the teacher's face as she commenced speaking. Miss Mason was not a pretty woman, but she was a very wise one and knew by experience that there were better ways than scolding by which children could be shown their faults. So she spoke to them in her soft pretty voice, and they listened attentively.

'I visited Jack's home last night,' she commenced, 'and I saw some very, very sad things and some very lovely things. I found out that Jack had not been to school because his mother has been sick. How many of you knew that Mrs. Wagner was a cripple?'

Not a hand was raised, but little looks of sympathy were exchanged by the eager listeners.

'She cannot walk a step,' continued Miss Mason, 'but is obliged to sit all day long in a wheeled chair. She is a widow, too, Jack's father having died a year ago. She has some money, but is obliged to be very economical in order to educate her son. A woman goes to the house once a week to clean up and bake, but otherwise Jack is obliged to do most of the work. His mother directs things, but can do very little herself, except plain sewing. So that is the reason Jack was sweeping the other day when Phil passed.' She turned her eyes on Phil, who hung his head.

'I didn't know,' he said, in a low voice.

'I am sure you didn't,' answered his teacher. 'But now that we know how matters stand we can help Jack out in many ways. We can take turns in going to his home and helping when there is extra work to do. Mrs. Wagner is a lovely little woman and not a bit sad or dull, even though she is so afflicted, and I think it will do you all good to get acquainted with her. I am very proud of Jack, for a boy that will willingly give so much time to a sick mother is very apt to grow into a manly man. He loves play as well as the rest of you, but as soon as school is out it is necessary for him to go right home. In a few months an aunt is coming to live with them, so he will have more time to play. But in the meantime we must do all we can for him. For my part, I admire a boy who is not ashamed to show his love for his mother.'

When recess came Phil Gray gave a little pointed talk to his mates and wound up with: 'I know I started it, but if I hear any of you ever call him "Sissy" again I'll—' Here Phil doubled up his fists in a belligerent manner. 'Say, boys,' and then followed a little low-toned conversation among the boys of Phil's age. It was evident that something fine was going to happen.

As it was Friday, Miss Mason was to spend the night and stay over Sunday with Mrs. Wagner, and after an early supper she and Jack did the dishes and then went to the pretty little sitting room for an evening's visit. Mrs. Wagner was sewing and Jack was trying his hand at carving, while Miss Mason read aloud to them. Suddenly Jack gave a startled exclamation. There at the window, peering in between the muslin curtains was something big and shiny and hideous. And then the boy clapped his hand. It was a 'Jack Lantern,' and what living boy does not like 'Jack Lanterns.' Both Mrs. Wagner and Miss Mason smiled, for they knew what was coming, and Jack ran to open the door. There were the boys who had bothered him at school. The very selfsame boys. There was Phil Gray, Fred Reed, Will Johnson, Sam Pickens, and Bert Bell. They walked in half abashed at first, but seeing Miss Mason, who was in the secret, and who made them acquainted with Mrs. Wagner, they soon felt at home.

'It's a surprise, Jack,' whispered Bert Bell. Jack nodded, his eyes filling and his heart running over with gratitude. All differences were forgotten, and he was never to be 'Sissy' again. One of the boys had a basket of rosy apples and another a big bag of corn already popped. And after they had played all sorts of funny tricks, Miss Mason, under Mrs. Wagner's direction, made them the most delicious taffy imaginable. And what a feast they had. Mrs. Wagner enjoyed every minute and each boy fell in love with Jack's pretty helpless mother. They started home about nine o'clock, leaving the big Jack Lantern lighting up the kitchen window. But after they had started down the lane with its wealth of purple daisies and sumac Phil ran back. 'Jack,' he called, softly. The boy went up to him, and Phil said in a voice he tried to make rather rough, 'Here, Jack, this is for you,' at the same time pressing something into Jack's warm plump hand. The 'something' was a green glassy.

Phil's atonement was complete.

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Saved in a Basket, or Daph and Her Charge.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

Charlie little knew of the strong feelings which agitated the breast to which he was clasped, while his little sister lisped off the lessons learned at her mother's knee.

These days of Daph's sickness were precious days to Captain Jones, and he was almost sorry when the stout negro triumphed over her enemy, and came on deck to resume her charge.

The air grew chill, as the 'Martha Jane' sped on her northward course, and the white dresses of the children fluttered most unseasonably in the cool breeze. The ship's stores were ransacked for some material, of which to make them more suitable, though extempore, clothing. A roll of red flannel was all that promised to answer the purpose. The captain took the place of master-workman, and cut out what he called 'a handsome suit for a pair of sea-birds;' and Daph, with her clumsy fingers, made the odd garments. She felt ready to cry as she put them on, to see her pets so disfigured; but Captain Jones laughed at her dolorous face, and said the red frock only made his 'lily' look the fairer, and turned Charlie into the sailor he should be.

The 'Martha Jane' was nearing the familiar waters of her own northern home, when the captain called Daph into the cabin, one evening, to consult with her on matters of importance.

With the happy disposition of the negro, Daph seemed to have forgotten that she was not always to live on board the 'Martha Jane,' and under the kind protection of her sailor friend; she was, therefore, not a little startled when he addressed to her the blunt question:

'Where are you going, Daph?'

Now, Daph had a most indistinct idea of the world at large; but, thus brought suddenly to a discussion, she promptly named the only northern city of which she had heard. 'I'se going to New York,' she said; 'Miss Eliza, my dear missus, was born there, and it seems de right sort of place to be taken de sweet babies to.'

'Daph,', said the honest captain, 'we shall put into New York to-morrow, for I have freight to land there, but you had better go on with me to old Boston. There I can look after you a little, and put you under charge of my good mother; and a better woman never trod shoe-leather, for all her son is none of the best. Shall it be so, Daph?'

'Couldn't do it, massa Cap'in! Boston! Dat must be mighty far off. I nebber hear tell of such a place. New York's de home for my babies, just where missus was born. Maybe some ob her grand cousins may be turning up, da, to be friends to de pretty dears. Nobody would eber find us, way off in Boston!'

It was in vain that the captain tried to change Daph's resolution; to New York she would go; and he now attacked her at another point, asking, 'What are you going to do when you get there, Daph? Have you got any money?'

'Not so berry much to begin with,' said Daph, producing a bit of rag from her pocket, in which some small change, the result of her traffic in chickens, was stored. 'Not much money, massa Cap'in, as you see for yeself; but what do you tink ob dese?' Daph loosened her dress, and showed on her black neck several gold chains, hung with rings of great richness and value, and an old-fashioned necklace, set with precious stones. 'What do you tink of dese, massa Cap'in?' she repeated, as she displayed her treasures to his astonished sight.

Daph had put her valuables on for safekeeping, doubtless, yet not without a certain satisfaction in wearing articles which so gratified the love of finery common to the black race.

The captain looked at the jewellery with a sober, pitying expression, as he said, compassionately: 'Poor Daph! If you should offer one of these rich chains for sale in New York, you might be hurried off to jail, as a thief, in a twinkling; then what would become of my pets?'

Daph betook herself to tears for a few moments, and then rallied, and said stoutly, 'Daph can work for de babies. She's a strong darkey. Heard massa say many a time, Daph would bring a big price. Daph will make heaps of money, and keep young massa and missus libbing like great folks, as dey should.'

At this idea, Daph's face regained all its usual cheerfulness, and she could not be shaken by the further doubts and fears brought forward by Captain Jones.

'Keep what you have round your neck, safely, then, Daph,' said the honest sailor, 'and never try to sell them unless you are ready to starve. Here's a little purse of solid gold, that I meant as a present for my mother; she, good soul, would rather you had it, I know. This will keep you till you can get a start, and then, maybe, you can work for the dear children, as you say. I have an acquaintance in New York, who may let you a room or two, and if she can take you in, you may get along.'

'I knew de great Lord would look out for us, his name be praised!' said the poor negress, gratefully, as she kissed the hand of Captain Jones. 'Ye won't lose your reward, massa Cap'in; he'll reckon wid ye!' and she pointed reverently upwards.

'May he reckon with me in mercy, and not count up my sins!' the captain said solemnly and then bade Daph 'good-night.'

CHAPTER IV.

THE RED HOUSE WITH BLUE SHUTTERS.

Captain Jones was a prompt and upright business man, faithful to his engagements at any sacrifice.

He was pledged to remain in New York the shortest possible space of time; he therefore had not, after attending to necessary business, even an hour to devote to Daph and the little ones. It was a sad moment to him, when he strained Charlie to his breast for the last time, and kissed his 'water-lily,' as he loved to call Louise.

He had given Daph a letter to a sailor's widow, with whom he thought she would be able to secure a home, where she would escape the idle and vicious poor who congregated in less respectable parts of the city. After having made Daph count on her fingers, half-a-dozen times, the number of streets she must cross before she came to 'the small red house, with the blue shutters,' where she was to stop, he piloted the little party into Broadway, and, setting their faces in the right direction, he bade them an affectionate farewell.

As he shook Daph's black hand for the last time, she placed in his a small parcel clumsily tied up in brown paper, saying, 'You puts that in your pocket, Massa Cap'in, and when you gets to sea, open it, and you will understand what Daph means.'

Captain Jones did, almost unconsciously, as Daph suggested, as, with a full heart, he turned away from the little ones who had become so dear to him.

Once more, the only protector of her master's children, Daph's energy seemed to return to her. She wound the shawl more closely about Louise, drew Charlie to her honest bosom, looked after the various bundles, and then set off at a regular marching pace.

The strange appearance of the little party soon attracted the attention of the knots of idle boys, who even then infested the more populous parts of New York.

'Hello, darkey! where's your hand organ? What'll you take for your monkeys?' shouted one of these young rascals, as he eyed the children in their odd-looking red flannel garments.

Louise clung closely to Daph, who strode steadily, apparently unconscious of the little troop gathering in her rear. By degrees the young scamps drew nearer to her, and one of them taking hold of the skirt of her dress, cried out 'come fellows, form a line. Follow the captain and do as you see me do!'

A long string of boys arranged themselves behind Daph, each holding on to the other's tattered garments, and walking with mock solemnity, while the foremost shouted in Daph's ear the most provoking and impudent things his imagination and rascality could suggest.

Daph maintained her apparent unconsciousness, until she came in front of a large door, with a deep recess, which opened directly on the street, and but a step above the pavement.

With a sudden and unexpected jerk, she freed herself from her tormentor; then placing Louise and Charlie for a moment in the recess, she charged upon her assailants. Right and left she dealt heavy slaps with her open hand, which sent the little crew howling away, their cheeks smarting with pain and burning with rage. The whole thing was the work of a moment. Daph took Charlie in her arms, clasped the trembling hand of Louise, and resumed her steady walk as calmly as if nothing had occurred.

There was much to attract the attention of the strangers in the new scenes about them; but Daph kept her head straight forward, and devoted all her attention to numbering the corners she passed, that she might know when to begin to look out for the house so carefully described by good Captain Jones.

Louise soon grew weary of keeping pace with Daph's long strides, and the faithful negro lifted the little girl in her arms and went patiently on with her double burden.

A weary, weary walk it seemed even to the strong-limbed negro, before they passed the last corner, according to her reckoning, and stood in front of the very red house with blue shutters, which she had been so anxious to see. Much as she had longed to reach it, its appear-

ance did not fill Daph's heart with joy. A sort of dread of the new people whom she was to meet stole over her, but she resolved to put a bold face on the matter, and in this mood she gave a heavy knock at the blue door. Her imperative summons was promptly answered.

The door was opened by a little girl of about ten years of age, who was covered from her slender neck to her bare feet, with a long checked pinafore, above which appeared a closely cropped brown head and a small demure-looking face. The child stood perfectly still, gazing in quiet wonder at the strangers, and waiting to hear their business.

THE DOOR WAS OPENED BY A LITTLE GIRL.

Daph had set the children down on the steps, and fumbled in her bosom for the captain's precious note. She drew it at last from its hiding-place, and handed it triumphantly to the young portress, saying: 'Dis is what'll tell you who we are, and what we wants.' The little girl looked at the note with a puzzled expression, and then calmly walked away, down the narrow hall, without saying a word. Daph sat down on the door-step and took the children on her lap, with a kind of faith that all would go well, which made her feel quite easy. She was making the children laugh at a playful pig, that was running up and down the street, when angry tones from within, met her ear, and she caught the following words:

'Take a negro for a lodger! I shall do no such thing! Who does Captain Jones think I am!'

'Mother,' said a calm young voice, 'you know we shall be behind with the rent, and then, the children are white; one of them is the whitest child I ever saw.'

'The rent, yes, that is a bad business. Well, I suppose I must come to it! What one does have to put up with in this world! Show the woman in.'

Daph, who had heard the whole conversation quite plainly, rose at the last words, and was ready to accept the invitation to walk into the back room, which she immediately received.

Daph made a polite courtesy to the sour-looking little woman, who seemed hardly strong enough to have spoken in the loud, harsh tones which had just been heard.

'So Captain Jones sent you here!' said the woman, somewhat tartly, as she eyed the odd-looking party.

Daph had taken off the shawl from Louise, and set Charlie on his feet, that the children might appear to the best advantage; she stood proudly between them, as she said, 'I wants to hire a room for my missus's children. We's been 'bliged to come north this summer, and will have to look out a bit for ourselves, as massa could not come with us.'

(To be continued.)

To-Morrow.

(Sara Virginia du Bois, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

A certain man, who answered to the name of John Smith, and who lived in the suburbs of an ancient town, said to his wife Joan one fine morning in early spring: 'To-morrow I intend to plough the meadow land, the season is advancing, and most of the neighbors are already through, but it is not my way to rush matters and the weather seems settled now.'

To-morrow dawned bright and beautiful, with an air as balmy as summer, and John Smith arose in good time, but when he saw how favorable the elements all were, he said to Joan: 'It's a pity to start that ploughing on such a day as this gives the promise of being, suppose we drive over into the next town, and visit your cousin Martha and her family?' So Joan donned her Sunday apparel, and together they drove away, reaching their destination so late in the day that they were obliged to remain over night before taking the home journey. 'It will not matter very much,' said John, 'I had intended to commence my spring ploughing to-morrow, but the next day will do just as well.'

After their return a heavy fall of rain set in, and the soil was too wet to work, and by the time it had dried out to be in proper condition for ploughing, Joan's second cousin, Harman Miller, who lived in Exton, died after a lingering illness, and Joan said she could not miss going to the funeral. That took them three days, as Exton was in a distant part of the State, but John said he had often noticed more profit was reaped from late crops than from those planted early in the season.

They returned from the funeral late on Saturday night, and John was so used up by the excitement and the journey to and from Exton, that the doctor, who was called in, advised a week's complete rest; said he was suffering from nervous prostration, and that typhoid fever was likely to set in. As this disease was what had really carried off Joan's second cousin, Harman Miller, John took to his bed at once, and it was two weeks before he considered himself able to take his meals with his family.

By the time he could look after the meadow land the season was so late that frost would have nipped the corn before it could blossom out.

'What an unfortunate man I am,' said John, as he gazed repiningly at his neighbors' flourishing fields. 'I feel certain I was never born for a farmer; no luck is ever mine, and misfortune follows in my footsteps.'

Now, the whole solution of the matter was that he neglected the present duty, and never became master of the future. We can call no time our own but the present, it only is available, and if we slight the opportunities of to-day, to-morrow is bound to come to us fraught with disappointment and sorrow. If you are not master of the present, you are not so of the future, and be sure if you sow nothing to-day you will have nothing to reap to-morrow.

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LITTLE FOLKS

Mud Gods.

A lady missionary tells of a journey she made with her husband in India. They visited a great many heathen villages, and in these they preached the Gospel and healed the sick, for both herself and her husband are doctors as well as missionaries. Here is one story she tells:

'One morning we visited a Hindu village near our camping ground. The people, as usual, were most friendly, and invited us into house after house. On entering one courtyard I saw a funny little mud erection in one corner, with three little heaps of mud in a row. My little boy was going up to it and touching it. I was thinking how wonderfully alike children were all the world over, and was telling Ronald that he could make little mountains like that with his pail, when I saw by the shocked look on the women's faces that there was something wrong.

'On inspecting the mud pies more closely, I saw they had a little red paint (the sacred color) on them, and it flashed across me that this was the household god' I asked the women, and they said it was.

'Any child could have made things like that in an hour's play, and yet these poor people worshipped it as a god! Think of it—worshipping little heaps of mud! How good it is to be able to tell these people, dwelling in darkness, of the true God and of the eternal life!' —'Friendly Greetings.'

What Changed Neal's Mind.

(Elizabeth Preston Allan, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'There he comes, Joe—hear him?' Now keep as still as a mouse, don't even wink hard, and we'll catch him for sure.'

Joe tried to follow this advice, and, though he was promptly seized with a nervous desire to sneeze, and then to cough, he managed to do neither; and meantime the one whom he and Neil were trying to 'catch' came on almost as noiselessly to meet his fate.

There had been trouble for several weeks in the fourth grade, about lunch baskets being robbed; Miss Dysart had tried in various ways to catch the thief, but had failed, and the boys and girls were a good deal excited over it.

That morning Neal Bender, one of the oldest and most reliable boys in the fourth grade, had a private chat with his teacher and told her he was sure he had a clue to the theft.

'If you will give me permission to stay out of school for one morning, Miss Dysart,' he said, 'I believe I can clear this thing up; but the others must all think I am at home.'

'All right, Neal?' said his teacher, 'take your books and go home, clear home, mind you, so that I can say I let you go home. That is all you need to tell me beforehand. But stop, my boy, you must have a witness; it won't do to put one boy's word against another's, even when that other is Neal Bender!'

Neal's honest face flushed a little at the implied praise.

'That's so, Miss Dysart,' he said, 'I didn't think of that; I'd like to have Joe Carroll.'

'Joe will do very well,' answered Miss Dysart, 'and as his home is on the road to yours, see that you both go fairly home; I don't ask what you expect to do after that.'

But it was not necessary for the teacher to give any explanation; in full view of the whole grade, just before the bell-ringing, Neal and Joe were seen to shoulder their book-straps and set out for home.

It was now about eleven o'clock; an hour before the mid-day recess; one of the busiest hours at school; one of the times when a scholar rarely could be excused from class room. Neal and Joe had clambered up to the unfloored, unceiled loft, above the upper hall, from which—thanks to a broken bit in the hall ceiling—they could look right down on the shelf that held the lunch baskets.

It was then and there that our story began, with an order from Neal not to wink an eyelash.

It had suddenly dawned on Neal the day before that Otto Youell, a little second grade boy, had the job of refilling all the water buckets about that time in the morning; and there were some circumstances that made it seem likely he was the thief. Otto was very poor, and the lunch baskets would certainly be tempting to him. He came from a disreputable set of people, and stealing would 'come easy' to him, poor little vagabond.

And so, sure enough, as our two policemen lay in perfect stillness on the dusty rafters above the hall, with eyes peering down upon the row of baskets, they heard Otto set his empty bucket on the top step, at the other end of the hall, and

scud along lightly until he came within range of their vision.

Although he had been led to expect this very thing, Joe gave an irrepressible start when he saw the boy below him, and the rafter creaked ominously.

Ottostopped instantly,and seemed to be listening; he had the startled air of a marauding mouse when some skirt rustles in the room, and when the silence reassured him, the mouse's nimbleness was his too as he swiftly rifled two of the lunch baskets, putting the contents in some mysterious inner pocket between his ragged coat and what passed for his shirt. And that instant he was gone. Poor little Otto, he was no bungler!

Neal and Joe were fairly trembling with excitement, and with elation at their success. It seemed impossible to go back to school that morning and sit down to algebra and geography. A further scheme took shape in Neal's excited brain: 'We'll have him expelled, of course,' he said to Joe, 'and the way to do it is to get up a petition signed by our parents; I'll go and get mother to write it up for us, and sign her name.' (Neal's mother was a widow.)

Joe was ready to follow his leader but stopped at his own home, to talk it over there; and was much disappointed to find the house deserted and everybody away from home.

A still greater disappointment was in store for Joe; for Neal, who had gone bounding home to get his petition in shape, came creeping down the road at a snail's pace, his hands in his pockets, his head down, and a certain droop about his shoulders that suggested defeat rather than triumph.

'Hello!' Joe called out, impatiently; 'Where's the paper? Did your mother sign it?'

Neal stopped short, in front of his chum, with a look that was embarrassed, and yet resolute.

'Joe,' he said, 'I've changed my mind; I don't mean to tell anybody but Miss Dysart about Otto; and I don't mean you to tell either.'

Joe gave a grunt of dissatisfaction.

'I suppose your mother begged him off,' he said, as scornfully as he dared.

'I didn't tell my mother anything about it; I haven't spoken to her, or to anybody else, since you saw me, except to ask the maid where mother was.'

'Where was she?' asked Joe, suspiciously.

'She was in her own room,' Neal answered, shortly, 'but that's none of your business. I've made up my mind to get Miss Dysart to talk to that little rowdy, and give him another chance.'

Neal carried his point, as he generally did; Joe did not dare to tell on Otto, though sorely tempted to do it. Miss Dysart was only to glad to be the means of giving the poor unfortunate a chance to do better, and, as far as the lunch baskets were concerned, Otto never offended again. One cannot help hoping that the kindness will bear fruit in his heart, being still young and unhardened in wickedness.

Nobody knew at the time, not even Miss Dysart, what had changed Neal's mind. Years afterward he told the story himself, and I may give it to you in his words: 'I went home hot-foot to look up my mother, and set on foot the plan to run the little thief out of school. 'Where's mother, Dilsey?' I asked. 'Mistis is sayin' ob her prayers, Mars Neal, an' yo' must'n' 'sturb her,' answered the old black woman. I went to mother's door and softly turned the knob; it was locked; I waited and waited, what seemed to be an endless time, and tried it again; it was still locked. 'Mother has certainly forgotten to unlock the door,' I said to myself; 'she doesn't say her prayers all day.' But I did not venture to knock at that locked door. Then an idea occurred to me, suggested, perhaps, by the spy work I had just been at. I tipped around through a closet, and finding that door ajar, I peeped into the room. To my dying day I shall never forget the sight that met my eyes. My mother was kneeling in the midst of her large, sunny chamber, with her worn old Bible spread open on a chair before her; her eyes were open, but she did not see me and would not, I am sure, if I had entered her room; she was in the presence of the invisible God, and in a low voice she was interceding with him for her only child —for me. With her finger resting on the page before her, she pleaded God's promise to be a Father to the fatherless, and claimed from him that guidance and protection from evil which my earthly father would have given me, 'if he, O Lord, had lived and had been as great and wise and loving as thou art.'*

'I crept softly away, with my heart melted within me, by the sight of that sweet radiance on my mother's face, and the first effect it had on me was to make me resolve to be gentle with that poor boy whose mother had many a time cursed him, but who had, I felt sure, never prayed for him in her life!'

*A true incident.

A Puzzled Monkey.

Yesterday was a good day for the monkeys at the Fairgrounds, and they liked it. They frisked about in the sunshine, and cut their antics with an abandon that showed them to be bubbling over with fun and mischief. There is one that by some amusing peculiarities becomes an immediate favorite with every spectator. A gentleman in the crowd yesterday happened to have a small pocket mirror, and just for sport passed it to the favorite. The monkey's behavior, on seeing his face reflected in the glass, kept the crowd in a roar of laughter for nearly an hour. The monkey, of course, failed to recognize the reflection of himself, and took it for another monkey, and his anxiety to get hold of that monkey was what made the fun. He would look behind the glass and feel for it in such a comical way while he was looking in the glass that one could not help laughing. While the glass was close to his eye he gradually bent over, casually, and noticing that the evanescent monkey was on his back, apparently, he dropped the glass and made a sudden grab for him. When he didn't get him he looked surprised, and commenced looking under the straw to see what had become of him. He was then seized with a luminous idea. He picked up the glass and ran to the topmost branch of the dead tree that is erected in the cage, and climbing to the extreme end again looked in the glass. It seemed he reasoned that in such a position the monkey could not get away. He felt for it, grabbed at it, and tried all sorts of strategy to capture it, notwithstanding repeated failures. —'St. Louis Republican.'

LESSON III.—JAN. 17.

The Baptism and Temptation of Jesus.

Matt. iii., 13-iv., 11.

Golden Text.

And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. Matt. iii., 17.

Home Readings.

Monday, Jan. 11.—Matt. iii., 13-iv., 11.
Tuesday, Jan. 12.—Is. xi., 1-9.
Wednesday, Jan. 13.—John i., 29-37.
Thursday, Jan 14.—Heb. iv., 14-v., 10.
Friday, Jan. 15.—Deut. vi., 10-19.
Saturday, Jan. 16.—Deut. viii., 1-11.
Sunday, Jan. 17.—Luke iii., 1-13.

13. Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him.

14. But John forbad him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?

15. And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffered him.

16. And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him:

17. And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

CHAPTER IV.

1. Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.

2. And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterward an hungered.

3. And when the tempter came to him, he said, If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.

4. But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

5. Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple,

6. And saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.

7. Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.

8. Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them;

9. And saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.

10. Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.

11. Then the devil leaveth him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him.

(From the 'Pilgrim Senior Quarterly.')

This lesson follows the last without a break. The time was A.D. 26, Jesus' thirtieth year, and the place, one of the fiords of the lower Jordan. 'Then cometh Jesus . . . to be baptized': Jesus did not come as the Pharisees had done, in a critical spirit, but in full sympathy with John's movement and with the definite purpose of identifying himself with it. 'Suffer it now': Deferential, half-yielding, yet strong in its very gentleness. 'For thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness': To John it seemed inappropriate he should baptize this pure and kingly soul that had just come to him. Jesus did not discuss proprieties with John, but said that it was 'right' and 'his duty' to be baptized. It did not imply confession of sin on Jesus' part: it meant identifying himself with John's movement, which he believed to be of God. Compare Luke vii., 24-30. It was, too, a dedication of himself to the great work that was calling him. The rite was essentially a Jewish one, the final preparatory rite of the Old Testament economy, and hence not identical with Christian baptism. 'The heavens were opened unto him': Mark says 'he saw the heavens,' etc. It is not said that this was seen except by Christ. It was a vision, coming to him at the crisis of his life. The baptism was not purely physical. To him it was a baptism with the Spirit of God and with power to do the great work that was opening before him. 'He saw the Spirit of God descending as a dove': not a dove, but 'as' a dove. The symbol of all that is gentle and pure and good. 'A voice': This was Jesus' heavenly recognition, an assurance that God was with him. It was for himself and his strengthening, not for the people. Luke adds that the vision came while Jesus was praying.

THE FIRST TEMPTATION.

(Matt. iv., 1-4.) We must remember when the temptation came. It was just after Jesus' public consecration to his great work. The voice of God was still ringing in his ears,—'Thou art my beloved Son.' He was conscious as never before, of himself, of his power, not necessarily at this time miraculous power, and of his great mission. Consciousness of power quickens the imagination, and two possibilities rush into the mind—the right use of that power and a less high and more popular—a wrong use of it.

The first temptation came to Jesus in connection with the human side of his nature. He was hungry. He was the Son of God, and was it necessary for him to suffer even the pangs of hunger like the very poor? Must he be the brother of all men to that extent? A life of physical comfort was within his reach. He had only to put out his hand and take it, but in taking it he would have been laying down the cross that he knew it was his mission to bear through life. The attractions were great, the struggle real, but he did not for an instant swerve from his purpose. There were greater things to be considered in life than physical comfort, than bread. 'Man shall not live by bread alone.'

THE SECOND TEMPTATION.

(Vs. 5-7.) The second temptation can be better understood if we remember that there was a belief among the Jews recorded in the Talmud, to the effect that the deliverer, the Messiah, was to appear on the roof of the temple in a blaze of glory and proclaim himself. The question seems to have entered his mind as to whether he could not yield a little to popular notions of the Messiah, and be the Messiah described in the favorite prophecies, without being untrue to his mission. Could he not appear in a spectacular way, and win instant acceptance? Must he be unpopular to be the Christ? Must he start in on the path that led straight to a cross?

THE THIRD TEMPTATION.

(Vs. 8-11.) The third temptation was to gain earthly power, a world-wide empire by compromise with evil. Jesus was a man, and had ambitions. Great good might come from such an empire with such a sovereign. The end might justify the means—but no, the Saviour indignantly puts the thought away. He will not favor the Pharisees, nor 'cultivate' the rich young ruler, nor wink at things that are wrong in the lives of common people, because to attack those things would be unpleasant and unpopular. He can bow only to conscience and to God.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, Jan. 17.—Topic—How may I overcome temptations? I. Cor. x., 12, 13; Heb. iv., 14-16.

Junior C. E. Topic.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Monday, Jan. 11.—God's care for a nation. Ps. cxlvii., 20.

Tuesday, Jan. 12.—King of nations. Jer. x., 6, 7.

Wednesday, Jan. 13.—Peace in our country. Lev. xxvi., 3-6.

Thursday, Jan. 14.—East and West. Zech. viii., 7, 8.

Friday, Jan. 15.—A righteous nation. Isa. xxvi., 2.

Saturday, Jan. 16.—A happy people. Deut. xxxiii., 29.

Sunday, Jan. 17.—Topic—Our own country. Ps. xxxiii., 12. (Home Missionary Meeting.)

Intercessory Prayer.

('The Christian.')

First and foremost, says the Rev. James Mursell, the teacher must pray for his scholars. The prayers should be personal, persistent, and detailed. Each should be brought by name before the Throne of grace. If the class is large, the names should be divided among the days of the week. Individual characteristics, special circumstances, definite events, will naturally color his intercessions. There will be times when one scholar will be mentioned specially day after day. If prayer is offered oftener for one than for another, it should be for the child toward whom the teacher feels the least attraction, and who gives most trouble and pays least attention. You cannot help loving the child for whom you pray.

Prayer fills the heart with the Saviour's own yearning for the lambs of the flock, and gives to human lips the tenderness of him who carrieth the lambs in his bosom. Moreover, our Father answers such intercessions in ways beyond our ken. 'It is impossible that the child of those tears should perish,' said the wise Archbishop of Milan to Augustine's mother. And it is impossible that the most vicious boy or the most frivolous girl who is the child of a teacher's earnest intercessions, should perish. He may have to pray and weep longer than Monica did for Augustine; longer even than Mr. Muller did for a man of whom he said: 'I have prayed for him daily for fifty-two years, and he is not converted yet; but he will be.' Let teachers bear the burden of their scholars' salvation on their prayerful hearts, and there will come a day when he who hears their prayers will touch that sacred load with his finger and change it into their crown of rejoicing.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of six new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each.

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Who is to Blame?

(Frank Beard, in 'Ram's Horn.')

The saloon is wide open in our little town,
And doing its best to succeed
In debauching our morals, and dragging us down
To serve the saloon-keeper's greed.
There are some who think
An occasional drink
Is a thing at which good people surely might wink;
Though their talk is all nonsense, their reasoning lame,
The saloon is wide open,

And
who
is to
blame?

And then there are others you will not find loath
Each argument, threadbare, to seize,
To decry moral law—and affirm with an oath,
The right to do just as they please.
And such people will,
Of course, guzzle and swill,
And deposit their funds in the bar-keeper's till;
Unlimited license and freedom they claim,
The saloon keeps wide open,

And
who
is to
blame?

We have plenty of churches and good people too,
As respectable folk we are great;
In comparison drunkards and brawlers are few
To the many who keep themselves straight.
We have, by the way,
A. Y. M. C. A.,
And devotional service at noon every day;
Yet the truth must be spoken with sorrow and shame,
The saloon is still open,

And
who
is to
blame?

Chili and the Drink Question

Chili is credited with being the most drunken country in the world, with the exception of Bolivia; but she is waking up now to her duty. Her recent legislation is remarkable for its comprehensiveness and boldness. For the first time she has laid her hand on the traffic, and with a firmness which has aroused the ire of all those who are engaged in it. The new law has sixteen chapters and 169 clauses.

By one stride she has taken a foremost place in grappling with the curse of strong drink. But she has aroused the friends of the traffic; they see that their trade is seriously endangered, and so they have set themselves to neutralize as far as they can this new legislation. The wine growers are up in arms against it, and have formed a league to secure its modification.

And this has brought an Anti-alcoholic League into the field. Its members are not all teetotal, but they are working for total abstinence. They have issued a handbook which is characterized as being out and out teetotal, and has a chapter on the non-use of alcohol as medicine. And as showing the influential character of this League, we are told that the president of the Santiago branch is the Prime Minister, and that a first cousin of the present President of the Republic is one of the abstaining directors.

Now, what has led to such vigorous action against the drink? Just the social and moral evils which it has produced. Patriotic Chilians see their country destroyed by this terrible curse. Hitherto it has been little restricted, and so has wrought appalling mischief. The good men of the country feel that if their nation is to be saved, the use of strong drink must be vastly restricted, and those who give way to intemperance severely punished. If they have been long in acting, they have redeemed themselves by the action they have taken. The drink traffic is to die hard! The Temperance Chilians have just entered on a struggle which will tax all their energies.

We regard ourselves as being farther advanced in everything civilized than Chili; but our temperance legislation is behind hers. The drink interest with us is one of great power, and spares neither expense nor effort to maintain and extend itself. But this is only a fresh call to all temperance reformers to increase their efforts against it. We shall rejoice when we see our own anti-liquor legislation as drastic as Chili's. Meanwhile, we are in the very thick of the battle; and we have no fear of abstainers failing to win the day. God is on the side of right and goodness.—'League Journal.'

Temperance Essays by Children.

The 'Union Signal' reports as follows on the 'Essays by School Children on Alcoholic Drinks':—Dr. Cordelia A. Greene, of Castile, N.Y., and Elizabeth P. Gordon, a few months since offered prizes for the best essays on alcoholic drinks. The subject of these essays was divided into four parts:—

What effect do alcoholic liquors have upon the human body?

Is the appetite for them natural and healthy, or unnatural and diseased?

Is the saloon a school for education into virtue or vice?

Is it right for the national or state government to sustain it by law?

The children were requested to give, in their essays, notable examples of those who had suffered from the use of drink.

The effect of this offer was to get the boys and girls, as well as their parents and friends, to reading and thinking along all these lines, and so many books on temperance were never taken from the library. Material showing the evil effects of alcohol and giving arguments for right, temperate living which never had been heard of before, were unearthed. Over twenty dollars was spent in prizes. Every one who even tried received a nice book and even the following brief lines received a suitable reward:

'The meaning of alcohol is devil, and it does the devil's work well, ever seeking to destroy soul and body, and bringing misery and want into thousands of happy homes.'

The following is taken from a letter written by a L. T. L. girl to Miss Gordon, and gives the children's point of view:

'I do not think anyone who wrote is sorry they did. I am sure I am very glad. I wish something could be done that would wipe the terrible saloons from this world of ours. If some of the saloon-keepers could read some of the essays perhaps they would think differently than they do now.'

Workingmen's Restaurants in Russia.

Russian temperance committees do much to make happier the lives of their country's poor. In Moscow one year saw twelve huge 'Norodny Dows' or 'People's Houses opened, which contain workingmen's restaurants, clubs, libraries, labor bureaus and much besides. Wholesome, nutritious food is served at a price suited to all pockets. The restaurants are crowded with a motley company. Workers of all kinds from skilled artisans to road-cleaners, small office holders, and tramps of every sort, peasants from neighboring villages, criminals just released from jail, and persons only recently compelled to economize. Entertainments are frequently furnished into which temperance is skilfully woven, music and art playing their part. Schools are few and far between in Russia, and the poor are heavily burdened. It would be difficult, therefore, to over-estimate the value of the work the Moscow Committee is doing in thus bringing instruction within the reach of all classes, and trying to give at least a touch of interest and of pleasure, sweetness and light to lives so fraught with hardship and gloom.—'Union Signal.'

Several hundred persons were delayed more than an hour in getting into the city the other morning, because one freight car had got off the track. The derailing of a single car was sufficient to block the traffic of the railway for hours. It is so when a young man goes wrong; he does more than hinder his own progress, or hurt his own character, for he interferes with the progress of others.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of Dec. 26, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Mr. Charlton on Reciprocity with Canada—American Papers.
An Appeal for Arbitration—The Springfield 'Republican.'
Hudson Bay—'Providence Journal,' Rhode Island.
An Indictment of our Move on Tibet—The 'Daily News,' London.
For or Against Mr. Chamberlain—An Interesting Plebiscite—The Dundee 'Courier.'
Joey's British 'Bus—One of the Songs of the Halls.
For and Against Mr. Brailsford's Facts—The 'Spectator,' London; the 'Times,' London.
Our Limit of Colonial Expansion—The 'Standard,' London.
Mr. Austen Chamberlain at Halifax—English Papers.
Mr. Winston Churchill's Estimate on the Situation—English Papers.
Change the Subject and be Forgiven—G. K. Chesterton on the Fiscal Question—The 'Daily News.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Art of Furnishing—On Nurseries—By Mrs. George Tweedie, in the 'Onlooker,' London.
John Ruskin: A Vindication—Address to British Workingmen—'St. George,' (the organ of the English Ruskin Societies).

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Old Year—Poem. By Whittier.
A Song. The Wise Forget, Dear Heart—By Jeannette Bliss Gillespy.
Wandering Things—Poem, from the 'St. James Gazette.'
'This Year Also'—A short sermon for the New Year—By C. H. Spurgeon.
Two Poets of the Irish Movement—W. B. Yeats and Lionel Johnson—By P. E. M., in the New York 'Evening Post.'
The Creed of a Credulous Person—Pumpkins and Possibility—By G. K. Chesterton, in 'Black and White,' London.
Readers at the British Museum—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
The Man in Leather—The 'Academy and Literature.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Material Pillar of Society—The 'Spectator,' London.
Sir Oliver Lodge on Social Regeneration—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
'Solidified Foam of the Sea'—The New York 'Tribune.'
Plant Food from the Air—The 'Sun,' New York.
'Searchlights'—'Westminster Gazette.'
Science Notes.

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Correspondence

Wallace Bay, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My birthday comes on the third of December. I have been a reader of the 'Northern Messenger' ever since I could read. We also have the 'Weekly Witness' and 'World Wide.'

ISAAC B. P.

Brodie, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have been getting the 'Messenger' for a long time, and think it a very nice paper. I go to the Presbyterian church. I have two brothers and one sister. We live on a farm. I am fourteen, and my birthday is on Dec. 25. I go to school, and I am in the fourth book. I like my teacher very much. Wishing the 'Messenger' success, J. McC.

St. Croix.

Dear Editor,—I must write to tell you how fond we are of your paper. We have taken it for fifteen years. We live in a pretty village on the St. Croix river. We have a woollen mill, paper and pulp mill, and also two lumber mills. I have two sisters and five brothers. I am eight years of age. Wishing you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year,

CECIL M. S.

Yale, Michigan.

Dear Editor,—I am a subscriber to the 'Messenger,' and we have been taking it for about three years, and we would not be without it, it is so nice. I am fourteen years old, and my birthday is on Oct. 9. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine. We were living in Watford, Canada, but we moved to Yale this spring. Yale is a village; it is a nice little place. We have over an acre of land. My papa is a carpenter; he has built a nice little house on it, and we are living in it now. I had a canary bird, but it died; its name was Prince. I have one little sister, and she is five years old. I go to school; we live about six blocks from my school. My teacher's name is Miss Baxter, and she is a very nice teacher. FLORA A.

Beach Meadows, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old, my birthday being on Dec. 4. I am very much interested in the Correspondence page of the 'Northern Messenger.' We read such good letters from other little girls. I am the oldest of five sisters. So I need not be lonely. The youngest of my sisters is sixteen months. She is beginning to walk. My mamma has taken the 'Northern Messenger' ever since she was a little girl. Wishing your paper success, MILDRED C.

Port Burwell, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My birthday is on Nov. 27. I am six years old. I was born in Treherne, Man., and came to Ontario four years ago last May. We used to get the 'Messenger' out west, and I would like to read a letter in the 'Messenger' from some of our little friends in Treherne. I have one brother. We both go to school. Success to 'Messenger.' W. H. W.

Oak Point.

Dear Editor,—I have two sisters and one brother, and my oldest sister goes to school in St. John. My father takes the 'Messenger,' and my grandfather does, too, and I like it very much. I like to read the Little Folks' Page. My brother has a little pup named Flo. We have two big cats and one kitten. We have a little colt named Jean. HELEN E. I. (age 11).

Folger.

Dear Editor,—I have seen so many nice letters in the 'Northern Messenger,' so I thought I would write one. I have taken the 'Messenger' but a short time, but like it very much. I have three brothers and two sisters. The school is four miles away and the church is three miles away. I saw a piece in the 'Messenger' about the Finns. My mother and father came from Finland, and an uncle also, who is now in the United States. Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,

ETHEL B. P.

Riversdale, Col. Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live in a country place, thirteen miles from Truro, N.S., and the trains pass close by our door. Mamma and my little sister Pearl and I had a pleasant trip up to Quebec this summer. We also went to Shawinigan Falls, to see my brother. We went by the Quebec and Lake St. John and Great Northern Railways. We camped out with my uncle's family at Ste. Catherine, 21 miles from Quebec. It was great fun picking blackberries and climbing rocks with my cousins, and we used to go bathing in Lake St. Joseph; but fun comes to an end at last. We had to come home and settle down to lessons once again. Our teacher's name is Miss C., and we all like her. ERNA E. B.

Powassan, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Northern Messenger' very much, and have taken it for a long time. I live near the village of Powassan. I have read a good many books. I would like to see a letter in the 'Messenger' from Dora L. Sanftenburg: both of us wrote together before; we were living only a short distance apart in Quebec. She went to a place called Algoma, and I came to Powassan. I have three sisters and one brother. I am fourteen years old, and my birthday is on April 25. When I wrote last time my grandma read my letter, but she is dead now.

MABEL F. E. M.

Clearwater, Man.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. My father is the minister, and he takes ten copies for the Sunday-school. We moved from Hemmingford, Que., a little over two years ago. I like Manitoba very well. Clearwater is a small place near a creek. It is sheltered from the wind by bush. There is a lake about nine miles from here called Rock Lake. People come from North Dakota to this lake every summer. I am ten years old. My birthday is on June 9. I would like to correspond with somebody in England who is about my own age. JAMES L.

Monmouth, Que.

Dear Editor,—I will be fourteen on Dec. 9. I have one sister and three brothers. My father is a blacksmith. My oldest brother takes the 'Messenger,' and I read it. We could hardly do without it. The place where I live is a small town. I go to school every day, and am in the seventh grade. NETTIE L. McN.

HOUSEHOLD.

It is Said

That marble can be cleaned nicely by rubbing with a cloth dipped in turpentine. Polish with a clean and perfectly dry cloth.

That when washing colored shirtwaists, etc., do not fail to rinse in salt water. This frequently obviates all 'running' of color. Turn inside out before hanging up to dry.

That the following plan is a good one to freshen stale bread: Dip the loaf, wrapped in a clean cloth, into boiling water and let it remain there for half a minute; then unroll the loaf and bake it in a slow oven for ten minutes.

That when doing plain sewing, if there is a little flour in a saucer and the fingers are dipped in it occasionally, the hands will be kept free from damp and the work be kept beautifully clean.

That hot water is a good thing to use when flowers are drooping in order to freshen them. The stems should be all placed in a cup of boiling water and left until every leaf is smoothed out. Then the ends of the stems should be cut off and the flowers placed in lukewarm water.

That sponges cannot be kept perfectly clean unless they are wrung out in clean water as dry as possible after they have been used and then exposed to the air until they are dry. When they get dirty they should be left in strong borax and water or soda and water for some hours and then squeezed as hard as possible occasionally.

That dish-cloths should be washed thoroughly every morning in hot water to which a little ammonia or soda has been added, and then be rinsed and hung in the air to get perfectly dry. Two sets should be kept and used on alternate days. In addition to this it is well to rinse them each time after using and to boil them at least once a week.—'North-Western Advocate.'

Hints to Housekeepers.

Use a long-handled brush in cleaning the walls, or, more properly, a long handle ending in a wire frame covered by a lamb's-wool bag, which may be slipped off and beaten and washed.

Paint should never be scrubbed; but wiped with a soft woollen cloth dipped in warm water. A slight touch of sand soap may be used on a stubborn stain. Dry with a piece of flannel cloth after a good rinsing.

Alcohol will remove grass stains from linen with very little rubbing.

If you value your eyesight don't have any room lighted by a glaring unshaded light, especially from overhead. Lights should be shaded, so that there shall be no glare. This is why reading lamps are so useful. They throw the light down where it is needed, and there is no trying glare on the eyes from them.

If bread has been baked too brown, or if the crust has been blackened in an oven made too hot, do not attempt to cut off the black with a knife. As soon as the loaves are cold go over them with a very coarse grater.

Our Own.

If I had known in the morning,
How wearily all the day,
The words unkind would trouble my mind
I said, when you went away.
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain,
But we vex our own with look and tone,
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening,
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth at morning,
Who never come home at night,
And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah, lips with the curve impatient,
Ah, brow with the look of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate were the night too late,
To undo the work of morn.

Once, in a large audience in the West, I repeated this little poem by request. A lady and gentleman sitting in front of me clasped their hands and looked at one another. When the meeting was over, they came to me and said that they had read the poem on the morning of their wedding day, cut it out of a newspaper and carried it with them round the world, with never an idea of the author's name or personality.

If it has a message for any heart, it is because it emphasizes a truth that comes home to every one's experience. We are not on guard with 'our own.' So we speak the blunt or brutal word, out of a passing irritation; we are captious or cynical or despotic with 'our own.' Yet we do love 'our own' the best, and when they leave us what bitter tears drop on their silent graves!

Some Facts About Eggs.

Eggs boiled twenty minutes are more easily digested than if boiled ten. They are dry and mealy, and are readily acted upon by the gastric juice.

The yolk of an egg well beaten is a very good substitute for cream in coffee. An egg will be sufficient for three cups.

Hoarseness and tickling in the throat are relieved by a gargle of the white of an egg beaten to a froth with a tumblerful of warm sweetened water.

Beat an egg fifteen minutes with a pint of milk and a pint of water, sweeten with granulated sugar, bring to boiling point, and when cold use as a drink. It is excellent for a cold.—'Vick's Magazine.'

Butter for Babes.

The 'Popular Science News,' in discussing the use of butter as a corrective of the constipation often found in infants and children, says: 'Acting upon the theory that the torpidity of the intestine in such cases is caused by excessive feeding, and is not a disease, he uses the butter as a mechanical laxative. He names as the advantages that children never refuse it, and that pallid cheeks grow rosy under its use. It has little effect after six years of age. From one-half to one teaspoonful is given to a child up to three months of age, and when regular bowel action is established it is then used only every second or third day. A child of five months to a year should have from one to three tablespoonfuls per day. The butter must be sweet and fresh, and it is important that it is not melted, since this changes its character.'

Using up Waste Paper

Newspapers, wrapping papers, etc., very speedily accumulate, and it is at times difficult to get rid of them. Yet they can be utilized in saving the coals, and that with very little trouble. Tear them up and soak them in plenty of cold water, until they are soft and pulpy. Then, with the hands, squeeze them into balls about the size of an orange. Put these on a shelf in your coal-house, or any other place that may be handy, and if, when making up the kitchen fire, a few of them are put on with the coals they make the latter last longer, and throw out a splendid heat.—'Our own Gazette.'

Habits of Children

Do not permit the children to form the habit of disputing and quarrelling with each other. It may be prevented, like all other bad habits, by watchfulness, particularly if the training is begun when the children are very young. Separation is the best punishment, breaking up the play and taking away the cause of the dispute. Children are social beings and do not like to play alone. They dislike solitude, and if they find it is invariably the result of quarrelling they will take pains to be more amiable so as not to be forced into it.—'Ladies' Home Journal.'

Selected Recipts.

Boiled Indian Pudding.—Warm together one pint of molasses and one pint of milk, add one pound of chopped suet, four eggs well beaten, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a nutmeg, and the grated rind of one lemon. Mix thoroughly and add meal enough to make a thick batter. Dip a pudding cloth in boiling water; wring it slightly, dredge with flour, and pour the mixture in. Tie up, allowing room for it to swell, and boil three hours. Serve with hot sauce.

Cinnamon Cakes.—Whites and yolks of two eggs, beaten up with one-quarter of a pound of sugar for half an hour. Add two ounces of powdered almonds, one-quarter ounce of powdered cinnamon and twelve pounded cloves. Stir into this mixture very gradually one-half pound of fine flour. Roll out into long strips and bake in buttered tins.

Hard Gingerbread.—Heat one cup of New Orleans molasses over a pan of hot water; add half a cupful of butter to it; when the butter has melted remove the bowl from the water; add one tablespoon of ginger; dissolve half a teaspoon of soda in a little boiling water; add it to the molasses; stir in flour to make a rather stiff dough; toss on a floured board; roll thin and bake in a quick oven.

Children's Sunday Afternoon

'Hearing a Bible story and learning a text should form part of the children's employment every Sunday afternoon,' says a writer in the 'Ladies' Home Journal.' 'However busy the mother may be in the week, she should take time on this day to gather her children about her and teach them herself. She cannot delegate this duty to the Sunday-school without serious loss to them and to herself. It is said that children nowadays do not know the Bible. They are so unfamiliar with it that Biblical allusions in conversation, or in other books, are not understood, and its language is strange to their ears. Only the mothers can remedy this, as the Bible is not read in the schools. The rising generation will never know their own sacred book unless the mothers bestir themselves and teach it.'

Teach Politeness

Children who are not obliged to be habitually polite to their elders and to one another, will not suddenly become well bred when strangers are present. They should be taught not to take the most comfortable seats nor the most advantageous positions, but to be observant and offer such little attentions to their elders. And such attentions should be acknowledged courteously. A home may have the elegance of high breeding, no matter how simple the surroundings.—'Ladies' Home Journal.'

The Use of Camphor

Camphor will remove white spots from hard or stained woods, made by a flower pot or vase of water. Rub well with spirits of camphor and then polish with oil.

Camphor placed in the piano every six months will keep it free from moths.

Furs and winter clothing are just as safe put away in camphor as with the disagreeable moth ball.

To disinfect a sick room, put a small piece of camphor gum on a little freshly ground coffee and light the gum with a match.

A Bright Kitchen

'I remembered your kitchen, where the sun seemed always to shine, no matter how stormy was the outside weather; so we had ours painted all over—top, sides, and floor—with a soft, creamy, yellow tint, and put enough varnish in the paint to make it clean as easily as a china plate. It would be rather a dark room but for this, as it has only one window, and a part of another in the door opposite. On bright days we drop the shades, the light is so strong; but on cloudy mornings we pull them up, and enjoy the wind in the trees, while still we rejoice in a sunny interior.'—'American Mother.'

Hot Milk

Hot milk is an admirable stimulant. Milk heated to above 100 degrees Fahrenheit loses for a time a degree of sweetness and density. But the promptness with which its cordial influence is felt is indeed surprising. Some portion of it seems to be digested and appropriated almost immediately, and many who now fancy they need alcoholic stimulants when exhausted by fatigue will find in this simple draught an equivalent that will be abundantly satisfying and far more enduring in its effects. This should be taken note of by all hard-working people.

Economicial Shortening

The next day after cooking corn beef. I found the fat that had hardened in a cake on top of the liquor in which it had cooked was strongly tainted with beet and turnip, which had been cooked with it. I removed this fat, put it into an agate dish and let melt, also adding some ham fat, chicken fat and a little sausage fat that happened to be left over from previous cookings. Into the melted fat, I sliced some raw potato and let cook for a little time, then strained through a cheesecloth to remove all particles of potato or vegetable, and poured on boiling water, returned to stove and let boil a minute or two. Again it was removed and let cool, and the cake of fat that then formed on top of the water was free from all odor and as nice as butter for shortening purposes.—'N. E. Homestead.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date there on is Jan., 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

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